

10-6-2012

Faculty Recital

Cheryl Lin Fielding
Chapman University

Christina Alexopoulos

Yang Li Bartolotti

Anna Schubert

Efrain Solis

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Faculty Recital:
**Cheryl Lin Fielding
and Friends**
October 6, 2012



fall 2012

 **CHAPMAN**
UNIVERSITY

COLLEGE OF PERFORMING ARTS

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FALL 2012 calendar highlights

september

September 27-29, October 4-6

Company, Book by George Furth, Music and Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

Directed by Todd Nielsen, Music Direction by Bill Brown

october

October 19-21

Opera Chapman presents **"2012: An Opera Odyssey – The Journey Continues"**

Peter Atherton, Artistic Director, Carol Neblett, Associate Director

October 26

Chapman University Choir and Women's Choir in Concert

Stephen Coker and Angel Vázquez-Ramos, Conductors

november

November 2-3

American Celebration

Dale A. Merrill, Artistic Director and Producer

William Hall, Music Director and Conductor

November 7-11

If All the Sky Were Paper

By Andrew Carroll, Directed by John Benitz

November 10

Chapman University Wind Symphony

Paul Sherman, Music Director and Conductor

November 12

University Singers in Concert

Stephen Coker, Conductor

November 16

Chapman Chamber Orchestra

Daniel Alfred Wachs, Music Director and Conductor

November 28-December 1

Fall Dance Concert

Directed by Jennifer Backhaus

december

December 7-8

49th Annual Holiday Wassail - Banquet and Concert

Presented by the University Choir and University Singers, Stephen Coker, Conductor,

University Women's Choir, Angel Vázquez-Ramos, Conductor, and the Chapman University Chamber Orchestra, Daniel Alfred Wachs, Conductor



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CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY

Conservatory of Music

presents a

Faculty Recital

Cheryl Lin Fielding and Friends

with guest artists

Christina Alexopoulos, Yang Li Bartolotti,

Anna Schubert and Efrain Solis

October 6, 2012 ■ 5:00 P.M.

Salmon Recital Hall

Program

L'invitation au voyage
Chanson pour Jeanne
Les Cigales
L'île heureuse

Emmanuel Chabrier
(1841-1894)

Ms. Christina Alexopoulos, Mezzo-Soprano
Mr. Efrain Solis, Baritone

Margaritki, Op. 38, no. 3
Son, Op. 38 no. 5
A-oo, Op. 38 no. 6
O Dolgo buduya, Op. 4, no. 3

Sergei Rachmaninov
(1873-1943)

Ms. Anna Schubert, Soprano

Tzigane

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Ms. Yang Li Bartolotti, Violin

~Intermission~

Tres Sonetos, op. 54
Anhelos
Vade Retro!
A unos ojos

Joaquín Turina
(1882-1949)

Ms. Christina Alexopoulos, Mezzo-Soprano

Méditation, op. 32

Alexandre Glazunov
(1865-1936)

Ms. Yang Li Bartolotti, Violin

Mélodie, Op. 42 "Souvenir d'un Lieu Cher"

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky
(1840-1893)

Rückert Lieder
Ich atmet' einen linden Duft
Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder
Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen
Liebst du um Schönheit
Um Mitternacht

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

Mr. Efrain Solis, Baritone

Stage direction by Harrison Zierer

Program Notes and Translations

In his book on Chabrier, Poulenc stated, "Chabrier represents, with Faure, Debussy, Ravel and Satie, what is best in French music since 1880." Ravel made public his indebtedness to Chabrier, whose music, he professed, influenced his more than any other composer. Both Ravel and Poulenc famously admired "Chanson pour Jeanne". Affectionately addressed as "Le bon diable en musique", Chabrier was described as full of *joie de vivre* and intensely human. Underneath his ebullient exterior, this sensitive and dedicated artist said of himself: "Never has an artist adored and sought to honor music more than I have; and no one has suffered more in doing so – and so shall I suffer to all eternity. "

Chabrier:

L'invitation au voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Des meubles luisants,
Polis par les ans,
Décoreraient notre chambre;
Les plus rares fleurs
Mêlant leurs odeurs
Aux vagues senteurs de l'ambre,
Les riches plafonds,
Les miroirs profonds,
La splendeur orientale,
Tout y parlerait
À l'âme en secret
Sa douce langue natale.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Invitation to the Voyage

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that is like you!
The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
Hold for my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.

There, nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm and sensuous delight.

Shining furniture
Polished by the years
Would decorate our room;
The rarest flowers
Mingling their perfume
With the hazy scents of amber,
The rich ceilings,
The deep mirrors,
The oriental splendour,
All would speak
To the soul in secret
Its sweet native tongue.

There, nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm and sensuous delight.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
– Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière!

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Charles Boudelaire (1821-1867)

Chanson pour Jeanne

Puisque les roses sont jolies
Et puisque Jeanne l'est aussi,
Tout fleurit dans ce monde-ci;
Et c'est la pire des folies
Que de mettre ailleurs son souci,
Puisque les roses sont jolies
Et puisque Jeanne l'est aussi.

Puisque vous gazouillez, mésanges,
Et que Jeanne gazouille aussi,
Tout chante dans ce monde-ci;
Et les harpes saintes des anges
Ne feront jamais mon souci,
Puisque vous gazouillez, mésanges,
Et que Jeanne gazouille aussi.

Puisque la belle fleur est morte,
Morte l'oiselle, et Jeanne aussi,
Rien ne vit dans ce monde-ci;
Et j'attends qu'un souffle m'emporte
Dans la tombe, mon seul souci,
Puisque la belle fleur est morte,
Morte l'oiselle, et Jeanne aussi.

Catulle Mendès (1841-1909)

See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping;
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.
– The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold.
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.

There, nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm and sensuous delight.

Song for Jeanne

Since roses are pretty,
And Jeanne is too,
All this world's in flower,
And it's the height of folly
To be concerned about other things,
Since roses are pretty
And Jeanne is too!

Since, bluetits, you warble,
And since Jeanne warbles too,
All this world's a-singing,
And the angels' holy harps
Will never be a concern of mine,
Since, bluetits, you warble,
And Jeanne warbles too!

Since the lovely flower is dead,
Dead the bird and Jeanne dead too,
All this world's bereft of life!
And I wait for a breeze to bear me away
To the tomb, my only concern,
Since the lovely flower is dead,
Dead the bird and Jeanne dead too.

English: Richard Stokes

Program Notes and Translations

Les Cigales

Le soleil est droit sur la sente,
L'ombre bleuit sous les figuiers;
Ces cris au loin multipliés,
C'est Midi, c'est Midi qui chante.

Sous l'astre qui conduit le chœur,
Les chanteuses dissimulées
Jettent leur rauques ululées
De quel infatigable cœur.

Les cigales, ces bestioles,
Ont plus d'âme que les violes;
Les cigales, les cigalons,
Chantent mieux que les violons!

S'en donnent-elles les cigales,
Sur les tas de poussière gris,
Sous les oliviers rabougris
Étoilés de fleurettes pâles.

Et grises de chanter ainsi,
Elles font leur musique folle;
Et toujours leur chanson s'envole
Des touffes du gazon roussi!

Les cigales, ces bestioles,
Ont plus d'âme que les violes:
Les cigales, les cigalons,
Chantent mieux que les violons!

Aux rustres épars dans le chaume,
Le grand astre torrentiel,
À large flots, du haut du ciel,
Verse le sommeil et son baume.

Tout est mort, rien ne bruit plus
Qu'elles, toujours, les forcenées,
Entre les notes égrénées
De quelque lointain angélus!

Les cigales, ces bestioles,
Ont plus d'âme que les violes:
Les cigales, les cigalons,
Chantent mieux que les violons!

Rosemond Gérard (1871-1953)

Cicadas

The sun's overhead above the path,
The shadow turns blue beneath the fig trees;
The distant chirpings multiply;
It is the South, the South that sings!

Beneath the sun that conducts the choir
The hidden songsters
Utter their raucous cries
From what unflagging hearts!

The cicadas – those tiny creatures –
Have more soul than violets;
Cicadas, these tiny cicadas,
Sing better than violins!

They revel in it, the cicadas,
On the heaps of grey dust
Beneath the stunted olive-trees
Studded with pale little flowers.

And drunk with such singing,
They make their mad music;
And their song soars unceasingly
From the tufts of sunburnt grass!

The cicadas – these tiny creatures –
Have more soul than violets;
Cicadas, tiny cicadas,
Sing better than violins!

On the rustics across the stubble
The great torrential sun,
From high in heaven
Pours its sleep and balm.

All is dead, no sound but theirs,
Frenzied and insistent
Among the far-flung notes
From some distant angelus!

The cicadas – these tiny creatures –
Have more soul than violets;
Cicadas, tiny cicadas,
Sing better than violins!

English: Richard Stokes

L'île heureuse

Dans le golfe aux jardins ombreux,
Des couples blonds d'amants heureux
Ont fleuri les mâts languoureux
De ta galère,
Et, caressé de doux été,
Notre beau navire enchanté
Vers des pays de volupté
Fend l'onde claire!

Vois, nous sommes les souverains
Des lumineux déserts marins,
Sur les flots ravis et sereins
Berçons nos rêves!
Tes pâles mains ont le pouvoir
D'embaumer au loin l'air du soir,
Et dans tes yeux je crois revoir
Le ciel des grèves!

Mais là-bas, là-bas, au soleil,
Surgit le cher pays vermeil
D'où s'élève un chant de réveil
Et d'allégresse;
C'est l'île heureuse aux cieux légers
Où, parmi les lys étrangers,
Je dormirai dans les vergers,
Sous ta caresse.

Ephraïm Mikhaël (1866-1890)

The Happy Isle

By the shady gardens of the gulf,
Blond pairs of happy lovers
Have garlanded the languorous masts
Of your galley,
And, caressed by gentle summer,
Our beautiful, enchanted ship,
Bound for the land of delight,
Cleaves the limpid waves!

Behold! We are the sovereigns
Of the ocean's luminous wastes;
On waves, delightful and serene,
Let us rock our dreams!
Your pale hands have the power
To scent from afar the evening air,
And in your eyes I seem to glimpse again
The skyline of the shore!

But there, over there in the sun,
Looms the dear, vermilion land,
Where a song of wakening rises
And of joy;
It is the happy isle of gentle skies
Where, among exotic lilies,
I shall sleep in the orchards
And your embrace!

English: Richard Stokes

Rachmaninov: Selected songs

In the summer months of 1915, Rachmaninov met a young rising soprano named Nina Koshetz. She was a bright light in a gloomy year when the Russian music world was shocked by the death of Scriabin and Taneyev, Rachmaninov's old professor at the Moscow Conservatory. Only twenty years old at the time, Koshetz had just graduated from the Moscow Conservatory as a pianist, playing Rachmaninov's piano concerto at her graduation concert. She went to Paris to study singing, and on short notice, debuted to sing the *Liebestod* from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, which led to other engagements. Rachmaninov's friend Marietta Shaginian sent a group of poems to him, the poems' symbolism inspiring a freer style from Rachmaninov than ever before. After the premiere of these Op. 38 songs in 1917 (written for and premiered by Nina Koshetz), rumors spread concerning the composer and the soprano. Rachmaninov decided to end the collaboration because he felt that proper artistic collaboration would not be able to flourish in such an atmosphere. "In the Silence of the Secret Night" was Rachmaninov's first work to be published with an opus number. Op. 38

Program Notes and Translations

songs were written by the 17-year-old composer and dedicated to Vera Skalon, his favorite cousin at the time. It was written during his first stay at Ivanovka (where he made his home later), during the first summer he spent with his cousins, the three Skalon sisters. The ardent texts made Rachmaninov's mother forbid him from talking to Vera again. Later in his life, however, Rachmaninov married Natalia Skalon, one of the other Skalon sisters.

Margaritki, Op. 38, No. 3

O, posmotri, kak mnogo margaritok i tam, i tut,
Oni cvetut, ikh mnogo, ikh izbytok.
Oni cvetut.
Ikh lepestki trekhgrannyje,
kak kryl'ja,
Kak belyj shelk.
V nikh leta moshch!
V nikh radost' izobil'ja
V nikh sletlyj polk.
Gotov', zemlja, cvetam iz ros napitok,
Daj sok steblyu...
O, devushki,
O, zvezdy margaritok,
Ja vas ljublju!

Igor Severyanin (1887-1941)

Son, Op. 38, No. 5

V mire net nichego
Dozhdenneje sna,
Chary jest' u nego,
U nego tishina,
U nego na ustakh
Ni pechal' i ni smekh,
I v bezdonnykh ochakh
Mnogo tajnykh utekh.

U nego shiroki,
Shiroki dva kryla,
I legki, tak ljogki,
Kak polnochnaja mgla.
Ne ponjat', kak nesjot,
I kuda i na chem
On krylom ne vmakhnet
I ne dvinet plechom.

Fyedor Sologub (1863-1927)

Daisies, Op. 38, No. 3

Oh, look how many daisies there are all around.
They are blooming in huge numbers,
in great abundance.
Their three-edged petals are like wings,
like snow-white silk.
All the power of summer is in them!
In their bright regiments can be found the joy
of plenty.
Mother Earth, prepare a dew-drink for the
flowers,
give juice to their stems...
Oh girls,
oh daisy-stars,
I love you!

The Dream, Op. 38, No. 5

There is nothing
more desirable
In the world than sleep.
It has a fascination, it has great calm.
On its lips one finds
Neither sadness, nor laughter
And in its bottomless eyes,
are many secret delights.

It has two broad, broad wings,
Which are as light, as light as
the darkness of midnight.
How he bears us off,
Where to, on what,
is a mystery.
He neither flaps his wings
nor moves his shoulders.

"A-ul!", Op. 38, No. 6

Tvoj nezhnij smekh byl skazkoju izmenchivoju,
On zval kak v son zovjot svirel'nyj zvon.
I vot venkom, stikhom tebja uvenchivaju.
Ujdjom, bezhim vdvojem na gornyj sklon.

No gde zhe ty?
Lish' zvon vershin pozvanivajet
Cvetku cvetok sred' dnja zazheg svechu.
I chej-to smekh vse v glub' menja zamanivajet.

Poju, ishchu,
"Au!
Au!"
krichu.

Konstantin Bal'mont (1867-1942)

V molchan'ji nochi tajnoj, Op. 4 No. 3

O, dolgo budu ja, v molchan'ji nochi tajnoj,
Kovarnyj lepet tvoje, ulybku, vzor sluchajnyj,
Perstam poslushnuju [volos]1 gustuju prjad',
Iz myslej izgonjat', i snova prizyvaj';
Dysha poryvisto, odin, nikem ne zrimyj,
Dosady i styda rumjanami palimyj,
Iskat' khotja odnoj zagadochnoj cherty
V slovakh, kotorye proiznosila ty;
Sheptat' i popravljat' bylyje vyrazhen'ja
Rechej mojikh s toboj, ispolnennykh smuschen'ja,
I v op'janenii, naperekor umu,
Zavetnym imenem budit' nochnuju mglu

Afanasy Fet (1820-1892)

Ravel: Tzigane

In the second half of the Nineteenth century, war-torn Europe was fascinated with the Gypsy life. It was a popular form of escapism to a less-regimented society. Restaurants, bars and clubs often engaged gypsy performers. On one of Ravel's visits to London, the Hungarian violinist Jelly d'Arányi performed Ravel's violin sonata in a private salon. After the performance, Ravel asked Madame d'Arányi, the grand niece of the great violinist Joseph Joachim, to play some Gypsy melodies for him. This, according to history, went on until 5 o'clock in the morning. Ravel's rhapsodic concert piece was dedicated to Mlle. d'Arányi, who also premiered this work. The Gypsy's laments, joy and all the emotions in between are depicted in wild virtuosity.

"A-oo!", Op. 38, No. 6

Your lovely laughter was like an ever-changing fairytale,
It calls me out of the dream on pipe chimes.
Now my garland of poetry crowns you.
Let's go, let's run, both of us, to the mountainside!

But where are you?
Only the pipes from the top chime...
One flower lights a candle in broad daylight to another
flower.
And I am drawn in ever deeper by someone's laughter.

I sing out, I keep searching,
"A-oo!"
"A-oo!"
I cry.

In the silence of the mysterious night, Op. 4, No. 3

Oh, long will I, in the silence of the night,
your alluring babble, smiles and your fleeting glances,
Your heavy plait of hair,
so obedient to my fingers,
Drive from my thoughts and then summon anew,
I will be repeating and correcting in a whisper
the words I've told you,
the words full of awkwardness,
and, drunk with love,
contrary to reason,
I will awaken the night's darkness with your
cherished name.

Program Notes and Translations

Turina: Tres Sonetos, Op. 54

Anhelos

Agua quisiera ser luz y alma mía,
que con su transparencia te brindara,
porque tu dulce boca me gustara,
no apagara su sed, la encendería.
Viento quisiera ser, en noche umbría
callado hasta tu lecho penetrara,
y aspirar por tus labios me dejara,
y mi vida en la tuya infundiría.
Fuego quisiera ser para abrasarte
en un volcán de amor, ¡oh, estatua inerte
sorda a las quejas de quien supo amarte!,
y después para siempre poseerte.
Tierra quisiera ser y disputarte
celoso a la codicia de la muerte.

Francisco Rodríguez Marín (1855-1943)

Longings

I'd fain be water, light of my dearest love,
To celebrate your mirrored image,
That your sweet lips might taste me
I would not quench your thirst, but fire it.
I'd fain be wind;
on somber nights I'd silently enter you're your bed,
and allow myself to breathe through your lips,
with my life, I would give you life and immerse myself in yours.
I'd fain be Fire, to consume you in a volcano of love,
Ah, lifeless statue,
Deaf to the desires of one who loved you!
And then, in order to hold you always,
Earth, I'd fain be, and compete for you,
Jealous of Death's cupidity.

Vade Retro!

She's made love to Pedro, Ignacio, Marcelino and a catalogue of other men, including deaf Blas and blind Luis. Now poor, old, ugly Pablo should watch out, because she's the last thing he needs. Carry her to the devil, because instead of a soulmate, he'd be getting an almanac.

Amaste a Pedro, a Ignacio, a Marcelino,
A Casto, a Gil, a Pepe, a Diego,
A Antón después, a Restituto luego,
Y a Lucas, y a Ginés, y a Guan y a Lino.

Y amaste a Cleto, a Félix, a Faustino,
Es inextinguible tu amoroso fuego,
Amaste a Blas el sordo, a Luis el ciego,
Y al Pancho aquel que de las Indias vino.

Hoy, vieja, pobre y fea (iguarda, Pablo!),
Te hace exhalar interminable queja
El insufrible solteril achaque.

Mas ¿quién te ha de querer, illéveté el diablo!,
Sí, además de ser fea, pobre y vieja,
Tienes, en vez de un alma, un almanaque!

Francisco Rodríguez Marín (1855-1943)

Get thee behind me!

You loved Pedro, Ignacio, Marcelino,
Casto, Gil, Pepe, Diego,
Antón, and Restituto next,
Then Lucas, Ginés, Juan and Lino.

And Cleto you loved, also Félix and Faustino.
Inextinguishable is your fiery love,
you loved Deaf Blas, blind Luis,
And Pancho who hailed from the West Indies.

Now, old, poor and ugly (watch out, Pablo!)
You expel those endless moans
Of insufferable spinsterhood.

But, who should love you? Devil take you!
Since besides being ugly, poor and old,
You have, instead of a soulmate, an almanac!

A unos ojos

Ah! Luceros radiantes, luceros hermosos,
Sois ojos graciosos:
Mas ¿que fuisteis antes?
¡Ah! Teneis de estudiantes el ser revoltosos;
Más por lo alevosos,
Pareceis matantes.
Alegres ojillos, ojillos traviesos,
¿Cómo sois tan sabios,
Cómo sois tan pillos,
Qué sabéis de besos
Cual si fueseis labios?
Ay!

To a pair of eyes

Ah! Radiant bright stars, bright beautiful stars,
Such lovely eyes you are:
But what did you used to be?
Ah! You have a student's rebelliousness,
but through your perfidy,
your appear murderous.
Happy eyes, Mischievous eyes,
how wise you are,
How roguish you are,
You, who know about kisses,
as though you were lips?
Ah!

Mahler: The Rückert Lieder

The first measure of *Ich atmet' einen linden Duft* portrays the moment when one is seized by the fragrance of love, which fills the senses. The piano part continues as the breeze that carries the fragrance while the voice responds in tender reflection.

As Rückert stated in *Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder*, "Bees, when they build their cells, also do not let anyone observe them, even themselves." In a whimsical way, Mahler warns one who tries to peek into his art before completion. One can hear the bees buzzing in the piano part. A playful motivic bouncing-back-and-forth between the voice and piano parts seems to suggest peeking and dodging.

A self-portrait, Mahler had said of *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*, "it is truly me". As the music weaves through the melancholic chromaticism, it paints the fatigue yet still the aspirations of a romantic artist/hero, withdrawn from society, alone and forgotten. Through peaceful resignation, meaning and transcendence are found in his love and song.

Liebst du um Schönheit was written as a wedding gift to his wife Alma, a woman famous for her beauty and vivacity, as well as her talent as a composer. The simple and sincere vocal line is complemented by the passionate piano part in sensuous harmony.

Um Mitternacht takes us on a journey of a soul at its darkest moment: completely alone in the universe, fighting the battle of mankind and agonizing at the end of its strength. The evil sneers (quartal harmony in *sforzando*) as the protagonist continues in what seems to be an endless search and deepening into the night. The hero eventually surrenders his strength into God's hands and

Program Notes and Translations

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft.
Im Zimmer stand
Ein Zweig der Linde,
Ein Angebinde
Von lieber Hand.
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!

Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!
Das Lindenreis
Brachst du gelinde;
Ich atme leis
Im Duft der Linde
Der Liebe linden Duft.

I breathed a gentle fragrance

I breathed a gentle fragrance!
In the room stood
a sprig of linden,
a gift
from a dear hand.
How lovely was the fragrance of linden!

How lovely is the fragrance of linden!
That sprig of linden
Tenderly you broke;
Softly I breathe
In the fragrance of linden,
the gentle fragrance of love.

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat;
Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen:
Deine Neugier ist Verrat.

Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,
Schauen selber auch nicht zu.
Wenn die reifen Honigwaben
Sie zu Tag gefördert haben,
Dann vor allen nasche du!

Look not into my songs

Look not into my songs!
My eyes I lower,
as if I've been caught in an evil deed.
I can't even trust myself
to watch their growth.
Your curiosity is treachery!

Bees, when they build their cells,
Let no one watch either;
Even themselves.
When the rich honeycombs
are brought out to the light of day,
then you shall taste them before everyone else!

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben;
Sie hat so lange von mir vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält.
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.

Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet!
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.

I am lost to the world

I am lost to the world
with which I used to waste so much time;
It has heard nothing from me for so long
that it may very well believe that I am dead!

It is of no consequence to me
Whether it thinks me dead;
I cannot deny it,
for truly I am dead to the world.

I am dead to the world's tumult,
And I rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love and in my song.

Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe.
Liebe die Meerfrau,
[Die]1 hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair!

If you love for youth,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the spring
Who is young every year!

If you love for riches,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the mermaid;
She has many shining pearls!

If you love for love,
Oh yes, love me!
Love me ever,
I'll love you evermore!

Program Notes and Translations

Um Mitternacht

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gewacht
Und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;
Kein Stern vom Sterngewimmel
Hat mir gelacht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gedacht
Hinaus in dunkle Schranken.
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken
Mir Trost gebracht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Nahm ich in acht
Die Schläge meines Herzens;
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzens
War angefacht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Kämpft ich die Schlacht,
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden;
Nicht konnt ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht
Um Mitternacht.

Um Mitternacht
Hab ich die Macht
In deine Hand gegeben:
Herr über Tod und Leben,
Du hältst die Wacht
Um Mitternacht!

At midnight

At midnight
I awoke
and gazed up to heaven;
No star of that starry throng
did smile down at me
at midnight.

At midnight
I projected my thoughts
To the utmost darkness.
No thought of light
Brought me comfort
at midnight.

At midnight
I paid close attention
to the beating of my heart.
One single pulse of agony
flared up
at midnight.

At midnight
I fought the battle,
O Mankind, of your suffering;
I could not decide it
with my strength
at midnight.

At midnight
I surrendered my strength
into your hands:
Lord over death and life
You keep watch
at midnight.

Artists

Cheryl Lin Fielding, “a fine pianist” (New York Times) whose pianism has been described as “warm, grand...and rich” (The New York Sun). Her solo and collaborative performances have taken her to Japan, Taiwan, Italy, and throughout the United States, including Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center, Carnegie Weill Recital Hall, Merkin Recital Hall, Tanglewood Music Center, Music Academy of the West, Aspen Music Festival, Jacob’s Pillow Dance Festival, Juilliard Theater, the Mark Morris Dance Group, Segerstrom Concert hall and the Getty Museum.

Dr. Fielding has been honored with the Grace B. Jackson Prize in Excellence by the Tanglewood Music Festival, recognized by the National Foundation for Advancement in the Arts, and three times received the distinguished Gwendolyn Koldofsky Award in Keyboard Collaborative Arts.

Cheryl's musical studies began at the age of three in Taiwan, first on the piano and later on the violin, and continued through dual master's degrees at the Juilliard School (Piano Performance and Collaborative Piano), and the Doctor of Musical Arts in Keyboard Collaborative Arts at the University of Southern California, with extended emphasis in Vocal performance. Her major teachers were: Jonathan Feldman, Elizabeth Hynes, Gabriela Imreh, Alan Smith, Oxana Yablonskaya and Brian Zeger.

A sought-after pianist and vocal coach, Dr. Fielding’s students and collaborators perform worldwide in venues such as the Metropolitan Opera, New York City Opera and Teatro La Scala. Among the luminaries she has had the honor of working with are: Peter Atherton, Christian Badea, Stephen Coker, John DeMain, Randall Behr, Enrique Arturo Diemecke, Milena Kitic, James Levine, Timothy Lindberg, Angela Meade, George Mester, Carol Neblett, Bruce Sledge, Daniel Spalding, Linda Watson and Dean Williamson.

Dr. Fielding has worked with the Philadelphia Virtuosi, Los Angeles Opera, Opera Pacific, Operafestival di Roma, Pacific Symphony, the Juilliard School, and the USC Thornton Opera. She is currently the music director of Opera Chapman and adjunct professor and vocal coach at the Chapman University Conservatory of Music.

Christina Ariadne Alexopoulos, Mezzo-Soprano, attended Mannes College The New School for Music in New York City where she received her B.S. and M.M in Voice. Ms. Alexopoulos taught voice in New York City public high schools through the Metropolitan Opera Guild's Outreach Program.

As a member of the Mannes Opera she performed the roles of Frugola in Il Tabarro, the Third Lady in Die Zauberflöte, Flora in La Traviata, the Secretary in The Consul, Sandman in Hansel and Gretel, Sesto in La Clemenza di Tito, Alisa in Lucia di Lammermoor, Ragonde in Le Comte Ory and in the world premiere of Noam Sivan's Fruits of Folia as Velia.

Artists

Born and raised in southern California and prior to going to New York she performed the role of Suzuki in Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* with Santa Monica College's Opera Department and the Mother in *Amahl and the Night Visitors* with Opera Nova.

In the New York area she has given concerts and recitals at the Goethe Institute, the German Consulate at the United Nations Plaza, the Harvard Club, the Daniel and Joanna S. Rose Studio at Lincoln Center, the Huntington Library and the Mannes Concert Hall. In addition she was the Alto Soloist at Christ Church in Ridgewood, New Jersey. Abroad she has sung concerts in St. Petersburg, Russia, Helsinki, Finland, the Baltic States, and Florence, Italy. Her most recent performances were at Merkin Hall, New York City, as the Alto Soloist in Bach's *Magnificat* and as a Guest Artist at UC Irvine's Winifred Smith Hall.

Currently Christina splits her time fundraising for the Schmid College of Science and Technology at Chapman University, teaching a voice class in the Chapman University Music Conservatory and performing in concerts and recitals in Southern California.

Violinist **Yang Li Bartolotti** was born in Tianjin, China. She began studying violin at the age six with her father, Ping Xing Li. Ms. Bartolotti made her debut at age seven, and won first place in the prestigious Chu Ya Violin Competition at age ten. She continued to study at China's Central Conservatory of Music under the tutelage of Xiao Zhi Huang. A winner in the 1990 National Violin Competition of China, Ms. Bartolotti was offered full-scholarship to the Crossroads School of the Arts in Santa Monica, California where she studied with Professor Abram Shtern. In 1994 she accepted a Music Merit Scholarship to study with the renowned violin pedagogue, Robert Lipsett at the University of Southern California, where she was awarded both the Bachelor's and Master's of Music degrees. Her memorable performance of Samuel Barber's *Violin Concerto* with the USC Symphony Orchestra was much praised by USC faculty and the music community at large, and is available on CD.

Yang has appeared as a soloist with many orchestras including the Pacific Palisades Symphony Orchestra, the Pasadena Community Symphony, the Crossroads Chamber Orchestra, Saddleback Symphony Orchestra, the USC Symphony Orchestra and the Tianjin Symphony of China.

Ms. Bartolotti also has a passion for teaching. She has taught at Saddleback College and coaches several South Orange County orchestras.

Anna Schubert is a soprano from Southern California. She attended Chapman University, where she studied at the College of Performing Arts under Carol Neblett. While there, she

sang with both the University Choir and University Singers. With Opera Chapman, she performed the roles of Genovieffa in *Suor Angelica*, Madame Herz in *The Impresario*, Adele in *Die Fledermaus* (partial role), and Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte*.

Since 2005, she has won honors in competitions held by Opera Pacific, the LA Spotlight Awards, the Palm Springs Opera Guild, and Classical Singer Magazine.

Anna traveled to Italy in 2008 with the Chapman University Choir and then attended the Aspen Summer Music Festival on a full scholarship. In 2009, she sang as a featured artist aboard the *Crystal Serenity*. She will join the Los Angeles Master Chorale as a supplemental chorister for their 2012/2013 season.

A native of Orange County, California, **Efraín Solís** has performed a variety of roles including the title role in *Eugene Onegin* with Russian Opera Workshop in Philadelphia, Guglielmo in Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, and Figaro in Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* with Operafestival di Roma in Italy. At the San Francisco Conservatory of Music he has performed the title role in *Don Giovanni* and will be reprising his role as Guglielmo in the spring production of *Così fan tutte*. Efraín recently took 1st place in the East Bay Opera League Scholarship Competition and 2nd place in the Berkeley Piano Club's Dorothy Van Waynen Vocal Competition. This season Efraín will be singing the title role in *Gianni Schicchi* at the San Francisco Conservatory, as well as Il Conte Almaviva in *Le nozze di Figaro*. In the Spring of 2013 he will be joining Opera Santa Barbara as a Studio Artist and covering Dr. Malatesta in *Don Pasquale*. In 2011, under the instruction and guidance of Dr. Peter Atherton, Efraín received his Bachelor's Degree in Vocal Performance from Chapman University's Conservatory of Music. Currently Efraín is a candidate for the Master's of Music degree at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music under the tutelage of César Ulloa.

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